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## THE NEXT OF KIN.

In a retired corner of Lancashire,\* resided a poor widow of the name of Rokins, who had brought up a large family, and, previous to the death of her husband, enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing them all, except the youngest daughter, comfortably settled, according to their respective minds.

During the life of honest Jacob, the family had depended chiefly on his labour for support, which, besides being devoted to the earning of weekly wages from the neighbouring farmers, was also directed indefatigably to the culture of a small garden, of which the well-managed produce greatly increased their humble income, at the same time that it furnished a wholesome and certain provision for their table. At the period of his death, his widow, who was rather advanced in years, and had never boasted the robust health common to our northern peasantry, was become too weak even to assist the little Sophy in the care of the cottage; and, conscious of her own infirmity, and yielding to the pressure of present sorrow, notwithstanding the comparative comforts that surrounded her, and the little hoard amassed by frugal industry, she deemed the workhouse her inevitable destiny. The contemplation of such an evil, as she considered it, threatened to hasten the close of a life which had been passed in a hard and successful struggle for honest independence. It was too much; the thought preyed on her mind, and the poor woman became paralytic.

What was to be done? Sophy, though not brought up for regular service, was a strong, active, and, better still, a willing girl, and might have earned a tolerable maintenance for her mother and herself, by going out; but then her poor mother required constant attention, and the most affectionate care, and none of her married children could contrive either to take her under their roof, or contribute to her support at home. They contented themselves merely with observing, that "Sophy might as well live with mother as a servant, as go out among strangers, and hire a stranger to bide wi' mother." How money was to be earned by this sagacious arrangement, they did not trouble themselves to inquire. They "spoke their minds on the matter," as they called it, and held that enough. Fortunately, their youngest sister thought there was also occasion to act.

Sophy had long been in the habit of assisting her father in the late and early labours of the garden; indeed, as her strength and stature increased, she had taken a considerable share therein, and latterly had always selected the supply for market, and arranged it in the panniers of their ancient donkey. "Why not," thought she, as she leant sorrowfully over her patient favourite, "try to make the produce of the garden still maintain my poor mother? Why not now carry these fine raspberries and scarlet beans to market, which our dear father took such pains to bring to perfection? Let us go, Neddy; for if we don't go now, father's customers will forget us, and we shall have to deal with strangers, who would take advantage of you and me."

The attempt was made; and from that moment Sophy cared nothing for hard-hearted overseers, or still more hard-hearted brothers and sisters. Night and morning she worked in her little garden, through all weathers, or travelled with her donkey to the

market-town and gentlemen's houses round, with the most unflinching hardihood. But in spite of such laborious industry, in spite of her unwearied attention to a helpless invalid, there was not a neater cottage than Sophy's, or a prettier, tighter-looking lass than herself, in all the neighbourhood. Her frame was invigorated, not injured, by such toilsome exercise; her cheeks glowed with the brightest, though certainly not the fairest, hue of health; and her eyes beamed intelligently with gratitude to Heaven and modest self-approval. Her poor mother, though widowed and bed-ridden, was one of the happiest of old women; and although her helpless state required many comparatively expensive indulgencies, there was always something laid by, after the rent was paid, with a view of one day purchasing the cottage and its fertile bit of ground, and making it indeed their own.

Of course, a damsel who united such excellent qualifications to so much personal attraction, could not remain an indifferent object to the youth of her neighbourhood. Though Sophy never joined a village merrymaking, and scarcely ever rested from her toil, of a summer evening, to gossip with a neighbour, old or young, woman or man, she could not escape attentions and offers without end, from the disengaged village, many made by proxy, from thrifty fathers and mothers who wished to secure so eligible a helpmate to their children. Even the miller's son, it was whispered, though probably not by his wealthy parents' special desire, had paid his devorts at the shrine of independence and filial affection, and received the unfailing answer, "No!"

Sophy Rokins was stanch to her principle. She lived for the mother whose life she felt she had saved, since the door of the workhouse would to her have been the door of the tomb, and nothing could induce her to leave her, or even to do any thing which might lessen her comfort and peace of mind.

However, scandal—for there is a species of that baneful weed flourishing even in the wilds of Lancashire—attributed these repeated refusals at least to more than one motive, if not entirely to another and very different one from filial piety. There was a hinted story of a travelling merchant or pedlar from "merry Carlisle," who had visited at the cottage in her father's lifetime, and even since his death, in the course of a yearly pilgrimage to the city of York—or a scene in an arbour—a ring and a lock of hair—even of a moonlight walk, and interchange of vows. And it was even so—at least as far as the basis of the rumour was concerned; for scandal, though never stopping at the truth, generally starts with it. The intelligent and sober Cumbrian had made the only tender impression on Sophy's magnanimous heart it ever had received; but, scandal—thou unfair historian!—he, too, had shared the firm refusal, and even, in addition, a cruel mandate, visited on no other applicant, never again to afflict her with his presence. She saw, with northern quickness, that her poor mother's half-extinguished spark of life might yet burn out the brightest part of her own and Graham's, and determined, with northern simplicity of attachment, that the man she loved should not be bound to waste that life for her. She had decided, in her humble mind, on a sacrifice of herself, and was content to abide by it, but incapable of wishing another to share it with her.

Graham, however, wanted neither her acute penetration nor her strength of attachment; and her motives were not lost on him, though her injunction was religiously obeyed.

Time crept on. Sophy ceased to be courted or talked of; and as the story of the pedlar, for want of

being truly developed, had always borne a semblance of self-denouncing inconsistency, it no longer formed a matter of speculation, even among ultra-scandal-dealers; the more so, as it was observed that the lady's charms were really on the wane, and that Graham annually visited the village, but not the cottage, as punctually as ever. Newer wonders supplied their taste for theory, and Sophy was left to Heaven and her own discretion.

Still the industrious and dutiful daughter rose daily with the morn, and, while daylight lasted, toiled in her well-ordered garden through wet and dry, heat and cold, or trotted with her donkey to the market-town. For upwards of eighteen years she pursued unwearied the same quiet simple course; at last the final stroke came on, and her mother died—closing her life in peace and satisfaction, and with her last breath blessing the daughter who had so dutifully and affectionately prolonged it.

The grief of the unsophisticated Sophy was sincere and poignant, at losing the parent to whom all her assiduity and energy had been so long devoted, and great, indeed, was her astonishment at the occurrence by which it was interrupted.

Scarcely were the remains of the aged invalid committed to the earth, when every one of her married sons and daughters—some of them now old men and women themselves, with grandchildren at their heels—came one after the other, upon the bewildered mourner, demanding to have the property of the deceased fairly divided between them, according to the law; which thus provides for the worldly wealth of those who are so unworldly wise as to die intestate. The sight of the expected plunder so sharpened their avidity, that some of them would actually have proceeded to turn poor Sophy out by force, had not their attention been suddenly arrested by the clamour of contention arising amongst themselves respecting the different portions of property which each wished to appropriate. The struggle appeared interminable; and even to the most excited, it was evident that many of the disputed objects stood a chance of being destroyed in the heat of argument. Seeing this, they at length became unanimous on one point, and that was, the expediency of submitting the affair to arbitration. With this enlightened view of the subject, they left the sorrow-stricken and astounded Sophy once more to peaceful possession of the cottage; but their rancour and cupidity were greatly increased, as they retreated, by observing the Cumbrian pedlar leaning thoughtfully on the garden palings, and evidently meditating on the scene of violence they had just so shamelessly exhibited.

It was the time of his annual visit, and he had passed through the churchyard that morning while service was being read over the widow's grave. Not wishing that the taunts he could easily predict awaited him, should reach the ears of the doubly-afflicted and friendless Sophy, he turned quickly on an angle of the road leading to the town, and avoided the hostile party. The latter, who had but a moment before been so thoroughly divided on the question of *meum* and *tuum*, now united in the most social manner in common cause against him whom they knew to have once been a devoted, and whom they suspected to be still a favoured, suitor of their unfortunate relation. It was unanimously decided that no time was to be lost—that the law must be had recourse to; but that, of two lawyers in the town (who lived chiefly on the work each cut out for the other), it was necessary to take counsel before they made an election. Happily, they were again unanimous as to the propriety of consulting Mr Gordon of the mill on this important subject.

\* This tale, and that entitled "The Flitting," in No. 453, were written some years ago by an individual since dead. In the manuscript, as laid before us by his widow, the name of the county has only the initial L——; but disliking blank names, we venture to fill it up as above, believing from other circumstances that Lancashire must have been meant by the author.

Gordon was a man who prospered himself, and whose advice, when taken, always prospered too. Among the merely cunning, he held the reputation of being "a sharp man;" the wiser part of his admirers knew that he was a just one—that his sense of equity equalled, indeed assisted, his penetration and discernment. Nature had endowed him, amongst many other valuable qualifications, with such a portion of good sense as taught him to turn all the rest to the utmost advantage; his was, in fact, a self-cultivated understanding, which extorted involuntary respect alike from those whose worldly condition made them fancy themselves his superiors, and those whose unenlightened minds could show them no reason why they were his inferiors. None, however, held him in more just estimation than Graham Wilson. Theirs were kindred minds, similarly favoured by nature, and expanded by circumstances. Graham had not turned the angle of the road, before it occurred to him also that Mr Gordon was the proper person to settle the matter of Widow Rokins's property. He quickly reached the mill, and in ten minutes' time, these two clear-headed and well-intentioned men had determined on the course to be pursued with the senseless and unnatural claimants of the widow's little property. Sophy, as before hinted, had, some sixteen years back, been more than a mere favourite with him who was now master of the mill; but that was long gone by, and a steady comely dame had as long borne the name of Mrs Gordon, and presided over its domestic comforts, and was now called mother by more than half a dozen rosy urchins. Nothing but a generous instinct to succour the friendless, and assist injured worth to repel its enemies, actuated him now in his readiness to second the pedlar's anxious interference.

Setting out instantly to seek some of the unjust oppressors, he met the whole party about to invade his premises. The moment they perceived him, each being eager to speak first, they all burst forth at once, proclaiming every one their business after his or her peculiar fashion; and all with so much vehemence, and in such a grating dialect, that Mr Gordon would have been but little enlightened on the motive of their visit, had he not heard it nearly all before in his interview with the pedlar.

At the first break in their eloquence, he assured them that he had always felt the strongest interest in the family of Jacob Rokins, and would therefore willingly undertake to arbitrate the affair, as he was convinced, and could easily convince them, that either of the legal gentlemen of the village would not leave a stick for the just heirs of the property, if once suffered to lay hands on it; and he therefore requested the party to meet him that day week at Sophy's cottage, then and there to make distinctly, and after more mature consideration, their respective claims, when, if not satisfied with his decision, they could but resort to the lawyers afterwards. This proposal was received with thanks, and the host of claimants withdrew.

Meanwhile, Sophy resumed her usual career of toil—some industry, but with a deep-rooted hopelessness and dejection which she had never felt before. Little had she ever anticipated that, in losing the parent whom she had laboured so moritoriously to support, she should lose, too, the means of supporting herself. She found herself all at once, as it were, thrown upon the world, and instructed practically in the mystery of what that world was. It was no longer now, as when her father died; she was not now a girl, fit to be moulded to anything. "Unless I could hire myself as a gardener," thought she, "service is quite out of the question." And, for the first time in her life, she felt inclined to ask herself whether she had done well in rejecting so many opportunities of settling herself by marriage. She felt, perhaps, for one desponding moment, that her life was no longer of any value to any one, and, after her unkind relations should have turned her from her garden, of no use even to herself; but the recollection of having fulfilled one duty firmly and consistently—of having rescued her dying mother from the dread of a workhouse, and lengthened out her declining days in ease and happiness—quickly returned, and as quickly the thought of Graham banished the beginning of regret for any of the comfortable village houses she might, like her sisters, have now been mistress of. Even in the midst of the self-denying mandate which she laid on Graham Wilson, even while observing the exactness with which it was obeyed, there had still existed a secret hope, unacknowledged even to her own heart, that he would be content to cherish her memory faithfully as she did his. She had always heard of his annual appearance in the village, and by some means ascertained that he continued single. Some tender speculations on the self-forbidden subject were unconsciously supporting her under the weight of her new affliction, when the object of them suddenly stood before her, altered indeed, but not to be a moment doubted by affection that had never harboured any other image. "Sophy!" "Graham!—my Graham!" And the poor woman, though not given to expressions of feminine emotion, threw herself into his opened arms, and wept and laughed alternately. She felt like a deserted child that had found a parent. But this is merely a rough narrative of an "over true tale," not a record of sentiment, and least of all a love-story; so we cannot undertake to dwell on this scene farther than to say, that Graham explained, in the clearest and shortest terms possible, as soon as she

was capable of listening, how the case stood with regard to the claims of her relations—the step he and they had, with such different motives, simultaneously taken in consulting miller Gordon, and that worthy man's determination to settle the cause himself there, in the very scene of their contention. He also stated that, though more than ever anxious to make her his, he had not then sufficient funds in hand to secure the humblest dwelling to them, even in his own mountain village, where money went so far, having lost the fruits of twelve years' toil and self-denial by the breaking of the bank in which he had deposited his slowly accumulating gains, since the death of his parents, whom he formerly used to support. But to Sophy—a second time in her life all difficulties and distress seemed to vanish before her. In a moment she had found herself possessed of two friends, one powerful to protect her, and one, better still, kind and faithful, to value and require her services, and thereby to render life valuable to her.

The visit of the pedlar to his old sweetheart was very soon reported and speculated on throughout the neighbourhood; and as soon as it was known to have taken place, the jealous relatives watched the widow's cottage, as though they thought Graham's adventure might stow the whole in his pack; but before they could muster force to arrest his progress, he evaded their pursuit as effectually as he had done the morning after the funeral.

At last the day of expectation came; and Mr Gordon, after quietly hearing all Sophy's simple story, without making any comment to her on it, awaited the arrival of the rapacious multitude, seated with much composure and dignity in the old high-backed leather chair, in the chimney corner.

But who shall describe the scene of that arrival!—who depict the varied, eager, or malignant expressions of the family countenance—or who single out the various assertions of right with which each preferred his or her own claim, and disputed that of the others to this or that different portion of the property? Lost alike in a babel of Lancashire dialect, and the hoarse tones of rage and arrogance, there was no longer any unity among them, except in all agreeing to endeavour to annihilate Sophy's right even to an equal share. The grating and nasal sounds of the fore-mentioned dialect orthography would but faintly represent. Let rather such readers as have ever had the felicity of hearing it in its purity, imagine its peculiar harmony on the present occasion. "Mr Gordon, sir! I'm sure poor mother meant my Goodman to have all the garden tools and things, for I know his father always said he should, and who'd a thought o' she taking to that kind of employ like?" "Who indeed?" remarked the arbitrator.

"I only claims the bed and bedding things, and poor dear mother's clothes, and all the small linen, and that," cried the eldest daughter, "beside our share on it all when it comes to be sold." "No, Betsy Dymock, you can never want thay things; it's I as—" "Hold your peace, Mrs Rokins; you and your husband wants just every thing for yourselves; let Mr Gordon decide," shouted the second son. "Please, Mr Gordon—Mr Gordon—I only claims that looking-glass and the clock, and that there bright-rubb'd table and the big meal-chest," screamed Sally Turner, the third daughter. "I don't wish for nothing else but the family Bible and the silver cup grandfather won at the archery, and the six christening spoons, just for the credit of the family, as they're mine by right," said the eldest son. "And I wants the old clock there and the looking-glass, and father's gardening books, and just a few trifling things, pure out of respect for mother's memory," yelled the youngest. "No, Tom! you have no right wi' any o' them, and the looking-glass I will have, for I was always the best." "Deil take you for a greedy old gossip, Sally Turner," retorted her sister's husband, Jock Brummett; "and hold your clapper, Hannah Dowkins—it's no use talking what you'll have, and what you'll have, till we show'd Mr Gordon the appraisement, and see'd how much the sale of the estate will fetch a-piece for us in hard money." This long and learned speech, uttered with more than stentorian power, interrupted the uproar so successfully, that Gordon seized the opportunity to open the proceedings, first of all requesting implicit attention to what he was about to say, and candid answers to all the questions he should see fit to ask. He looked at the appraiser's estimate of the "estate," and at one glance was able to inform the thirteen disputants NEXT OF KIN, that by the time that Sophy's share and the expenses of the sale, &c., were paid, three pounds a-piece would be the utmost that remained for them. "But now," he said, "let me ask how it is, that this land, having been purchased almost entirely by your sister Sophy's earnings, the property is not hers?" "She only worked for mother as a servant, Mr Gordon. She never had no property of her own whatever. The property were always mother's, and were bought afore she cam'd o' age, Mr Gordon."

"Then, indeed, as next of kin, it ought in law to be fairly divided among you." Great exultation was shown by the litigants, who thought in their hearts a second Daniel had "come to judgment," while poor Sophy hung her head, and began to feel hope again forsaking her. "But, still, my good friends," resumed Mr Gordon, "as a friend, I ask you, is it not cruel and unreasonable for you, who have been so long independent of your mother, and for whom your father and she did all they could at your

respective marriages, to seek to deprive your sister Sophy, who has always lived with her, and supplied her with the means of support she has so long depended on, to turn her adrift, in a manner now, too, that she is unfit for any other work?"

"Please, sir, I was going to observe"—said the fourth daughter. "If you please, Mr Gordon, sir," cried the eldest, "I was always mother's favourite, and that viles"— "And that viles Sophy," interrupted the second son, "is a-going to disgrace us all, Mr Gordon, and throw away the property on a low-lived, drunken, sneaking Scotch pedlar. Mr Gordon, sir, and that's why we're so anxious like to"— "A nasty, vulgar, drunken, sneaking fellow," shrieked all her sisters. "We knows her well," screamed a brother's wife; "she kept company wi' um years ago, Mr Gordon, till no decent young woman would keep company with her." "And she's a most undutiful daughter," said Mrs Turner; "for she was always away from poor dear mother, gossiping in the town, or 'musing herself in her garden, Mr Gordon." "Any how, I undertakes to see to the credit of the family, Mr Gordon," said the eldest son; "and it must and shall be provided for! A nasty drunken lout!"

"Well, you understand the 'credit of the family' best, no doubt [fresh triumph]; but, after all, this will be but a useless trifle, split amongst so many, for you must know there are many other relatives who also have a claim, if you succeed in proving yours; while, undivided, it is to her a comfortable livelihood."

"But out of respect to mother's memory, Mr Gordon, we all wants to have some of her bits of sticks, and you sees yourself it is own in law."

"Well, well! But how comes it, my good friends, with all this respect for poor mother's memory, none of you opened your doors to her when your father died, or even assisted your sister, who was then very young, to support her?"

"La, sir, we all has large families of our own, and"— "But have you ever done any thing for your mother?" "La, Mr Gordon, sir, to be sure we has. I knows I giv'd her a handkercher one day, and that's why I wants"— "And I sent her a basket of apples, when she grow bad last autumn"— "And I most always came in and wound up the old clock for her, for I was afeard Sophy, with her rough hand, might ruin it like." "And, I'm sure, my little Jim often took her water-cresses and the like." "And I sent her a pound of honey, only just afore she died." "And I—And I—And I"— "Were equally munificent and attentive no doubt," interrupted Mr Gordon, now turning to the two last speakers, Mrs Brummett and Mrs Dymock, both women of nearly sixty, whom he reproached with so much severity, for their want of filial tenderness and sisterly affection, that one matron burst into an hysterical fit of crying on the spot, and the other withdrew to her own dwelling, to invigorate her spirits with the contents of a certain charmed bottle, potent on such occasions.

"And now, then," said the miller, addressing himself chiefly to the eldest son, "you say your sister has worked (like man, or a horse rather, I say she has worked) merely as a servant to your mother, all this time?"

"Mother and we always considered so, Mr Gordon;—and all the neighbours, Mr Gordon."

"Very well! Sophy, how old are you? Rather above one-and-twenty, I suppose?"

"Four-and-thirty, sir! I bean't ashamed o' my age!" cried the poor creature, in a kind of half shriek, half laugh.

"Indeed, you need not be, Sophy," cried Mr Gordon, considerably affected. "Now, what is the lowest possible hire a girl or woman ever receives for service in these parts?"

"Sixpence a-week and a shilling a-week, sir."

"Well, rating your sister's wages only at a shilling a-week (which she has never been paid), the estate would be now indebted to her for wages, far more than it is ever likely to clear by sale! Now, what say you? This is perfectly good in law, on your own admission. Shall we refer it to the lawyers, and let them bring it into court?—or shall we entreat your excellent sister to let us settle matters on the spot, and to content herself, which I know she will do, with being left in undisputed possession of her twice-purchased property?"

It is needless to dwell on the chop-fallen looks of the claimants to Widow Rokins's estate, nor the sullen acquiescence which interest instantly induced them to make with the latter proposition of Mr Gordon. One after another, they all resigned their claims, as hastily and eagerly as they had before preferred them. Neither need we expatiate much on the restored tranquillity of poor Sophy's countenance, the benevolent intelligence of Mr Gordon's, nor the delighted and uncontrollable exultation of the constant pedlar, who, by previous agreement with the arbitrator, entered just at that moment. Suffice it to record that Sophy, after shaking hands with all her rival kindred, and insisting on their receiving Graham as a brother, generously and kindly presented each with some article of furniture or apparel, according to the wishes she had heard expressed; as for her gratitude to Mr Gordon, that is impossible to describe; it could only be equalled by her admiration of his judgment and wisdom.

As soon after this memorable arbitration as regard for her mother's memory permitted, she bestowed her toll-worn hand on her faithful and long-loved Graham. Mr and Mrs Gordon acted as bridesman and brideswoman at the ceremony; and though "four-and-thirty," never was bride more blessed in the reciprocity of esteem and confidence, and the possession of perfect sympathy; nor ever did bridegroom more exultingly lead from the altar all the wealth and accomplishments of nobility, united to all the graces of eighteen.

From that day Graham Wilson renounced his travelling, but he has added a small side-room to the cottage, as a kind of private shop, where he accommodates his old customers of the village with the usual wares, though his time is principally devoted to assisting Mrs Wilson in the care of the pig and poultry, and the culture of her

garden, to which his general knowledge has added considerable improvement. The market is supplied more admirably and punctually than ever; but whatever is sweetest of the flowers, most perfect of the vegetables, and fairest of the fruits, is constantly offered up at the shrine of gratitude, to Mr and Mrs Gordon of the mill. However, there is still enough, not only for themselves and the casual wanderer, but to regale occasionally their village neighbours, and even their next of kin.

#### THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT GLASGOW.

##### ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE CONDITION OF THE POOR.

At the sittings of the Statistical Section, during the week of the association, several papers were read in illustration of the condition of the poorer classes in Glasgow and other parts of Scotland. These papers had a high and distinct interest of their own; and we propose here giving, without interruption, a view of the leading facts brought out in them.

At the first meeting of the section, Thursday, September 17, Mr Miller, superintendent of the police of Glasgow, read a paper on the crime and criminal classes of the city. We may mention that Mr Miller is a man of somewhat remarkable history, having been induced, by a natural bent of mind, to desert a profession in which he was prospering, in order to devote himself, for a smaller income, to the office he now holds. Having thus the advantage of a talent suitable for his peculiar duties, he has put the police on an excellent footing, and manages all its affairs with a thoughtful energy and accuracy, which his fellow-citizens speak of in the highest terms. The paper read by Mr Miller proved him to possess an enlightened and philanthropic mind. He stated the population within the police district to be about 175,000, and the number of criminal cases in the year 1839, to be 7687, the male offenders being three to one of the females. The crimes are chiefly petty thefts; the value of the property stolen in 1839 was about £7663, of which a portion, to the amount of £1260, was recovered. "Many of the persons convicted of theft are not habitual thieves; some are wives deserted by their husbands; some are children deserted by their parents; and many are led to the commission of offences by intemperance." Of women given up altogether to an infamous course of life, the number is 1400, of whose career the average duration is estimated at about five years. "For the most part, they live in great wretchedness—their personal habits are filthy—they have miserable homes—they are seldom in bed till far in the morning—they are without wholesome diet—they are constantly drinking the worst description of spirituous liquors—and they are exposed to disease in its worst forms." The picture which Mr Miller statistically drew of a portion of the town where these and the other depraved classes chiefly dwell, was astounding—a close cluster of narrow filthy lanes, honeycombed with mean unfurnished apartments, in which a dozen persons will live in a space measuring perhaps twelve by eight feet, without so much as a window, and often with no bedding superior to a bundle of shavings. Three-fourths of the crime in the city, in Mr Miller's opinion, arises from habits of drunkenness, for the indulgence of which there are in the city 2300 licensed public-houses, mostly of a very mean description, being about 1 for every 117 of the population. There are 33 licensed pawnbrokers, and about 400 of an inferior description, usually distinguished as brokers, who make a practice of giving money for articles by way of purchase, on an understanding that, if not previously sold to other persons, they may be retrieved by paying an advanced price. We shall afterwards see, from another paper, to what extent the poor are robbed by this class of low tradespeople. Mr Miller showed how much criminals are favoured in eluding justice, by the five several jurisdictions into which the cluster of population called Glasgow is divided, and urged strongly the propriety of having one jurisdiction only. He concluded his series of details by remarking on the inefficacy of punishment to check criminals. "When crime," he says, "has been committed, and especially after conviction and punishment, the character of the delinquent is almost always irretrievably lost. Though he were so disposed, he has no way of obtaining honest employment, for no one will take him without a character, and he is shunned by all. Necessity, therefore, compels him, though it may be against his own inclination, to continue the guilty career he has commenced. He proceeds from bad to worse, until finally arrested by the hand of justice, and made to expiate his crimes in exile, or on the scaffold. Thousands of unhappy individuals, who have once swerved from the path of rectitude, would gladly return to a virtuous course of life, if they had the power; and it is certainly deeply to be deplored that no adequate means have hitherto been provided for remedying so great an evil. The most effectual mode appears to be—the formation of a workhouse, or a house of industry set apart for the accommodation of the criminal part of the population of the city, where, by a confinement of some duration, and by regular tuition and industrial occupation, habits of industry and morality may be formed, and the inmates fitted for again mingling with the respectable portion of the community; and it should be a part of the plan of such an establishment, that after an inmate has approved himself satisfactorily to the directors, means should be taken of finding him honest employment

on again entering the world. The present mode of punishment for crime is not merely useless—it is absolutely prejudicial to a very great extent, and tends materially to increase the evil it is intended to alleviate. The great mass of offenders, when convicted, are sent to jail, or to Bridewell, for periods varying from five to sixty days, and hence, from the shortness of the period, they are no sooner placed within the walls than their minds are occupied with the prospect of a speedy deliverance. Attempts are, no doubt, made to instruct them, and they are put to some description of work; but, for the most part, such endeavours are completely in vain, as virtuous principles and industrious habits cannot be formed in a day. They come out of prison really in a more hardened state than before, and with a deeper sense of their destitute condition; and, at all events, if any good impressions have been made, they are soon obliterated; for, at the very threshold of the prison, they are met by bands of their old associates ready to welcome them, and as they have no calling to which to turn, nor any honest mode of obtaining shelter and subsistence, they are forced once more to mingle with the guilty crowd, and do as they do."

Dr Cowan, a medical practitioner in Glasgow, read an elaborate and most instructive paper on the disease and mortality of the city during the few past years. From this it appears, in the first place, that Glasgow, in its widest sense, is now estimated to contain a population of 272,000, which of course makes it the second city of the empire in this particular respect. It has risen to this amount from 151,540 in the year 1822. Indeed, no city, even in America, that we are acquainted with, has increased so rapidly in population, during the last thirty years, as Glasgow. In 1822, the mortality was 3408, or one in about 44 of the population; in 1825, it was 4571, or as one in about 36. In 1828, the mortality increased to 5534, which, at the then amount of the population, was one in about 33—a proportion alarmingly high. Since then, however, the inhabitants of this great city have suffered still more severely. In the year of the Asiatic cholera, 1832, when the population was 209,230, the mortality reached the enormous amount of 9654, or one in about 21½; and again in a year of severe fever, 1837, when the population was estimated at 253,000, it reached 10,270, or one in about 24. It would appear as if, after such disastrous periods, the mortality becomes for some time lessened. After 1832, it rebounded to one in 36, and after 1837 to one in 37, or thereabouts. Probably this is in some measure owing to the effect of severe epidemics in carrying off so many of the least healthy of the people. It is to be remarked, that in these results no account is taken of still-born children, who in the eighteen years before 1840, amounted to 8763. The proportion of the still-born is startlingly high, being, in 1830, 471 out of 6368, or about a fourteenth. In this fact alone, we cannot help thinking we behold a strong proof of the amount of misery and error prevailing in Glasgow.

The average annual mortality in Glasgow was, for the period between 1822 and 1830, both inclusive, 1 in 38½; for the period between 1831 and 1839, also both inclusive, 1 in nearly 32. At the latter date, if it were habitual, Glasgow would stand forth as one of the cities most fatal to human life in Europe. Another fact is most remarkable, that, of the deaths during these eighteen years, 43 per cent., or not much short of the one-half, are of children under five years of age, and 18 per cent. under one year of age. It further appears, from minute evidence, that in the years of unusually great mortality, there is a larger proportion of deaths amongst the adult population, *showing how fatal the epidemics are to heads of families.* From one-fourth to one-fifth of the funerals in Glasgow are at the public expense—an impressive fact, as Dr Cowan well calls it, seeing how it connects poverty with mortality.

To account for the great mortality of the last nine years in Glasgow, Dr Cowan speaks of—"the rapid increase in the amount of the labouring population, without any corresponding amount of accommodation being provided for them—the density, and still increasing density, of that population—the state of the districts which it inhabits—the fluctuations of trade, and in the prices of provisions—the lamentable 'strikes' in consequence of combination among the workmen, by which the means of subsistence have been suddenly withdrawn from large masses—the recklessness and addiction to the use of ardent spirits, at once the cause and the effect of destitution—and the prevalence of epidemic diseases both among the adult and infantile portion of the community."

Some notice of the huddled state of the *miserable classes* in Glasgow, has been presented in our notice of Mr Miller's paper. It remains to be mentioned that a great part of the *labouring population* live in the central parts of the town, not so much huddled up, certainly, into small apartments as the miserable classes, but yet very densely packed together, their houses being in narrow lanes, which the sun rarely penetrates, and which, for want of sewerage, are constantly exhaling the effluvia of filth and decaying organic matter. This closeness and the results of defective sewerage, no doubt operate greatly in reducing the health of the people. The effect of reduced means, whether from the fluctuations of trade, or "strikes," can be only too easily traced in the mortality bills. Fever, it must be understood, is an epi-

demic rarely, if ever, absent from Glasgow; and it is the cause of a large proportion of the deaths. It existed throughout 1836, but to what for Glasgow may be called an alarming extent, until the month of November, when a commercial embarrassment took place, and many persons were consequently thrown out of employment. The season, moreover, was winter, and provisions were high in price. The consequence was, that in the four months ensuing upon the 1st of December, the fatal cases of fever were 696, the number during the previous four months having been only 315. In April 1837, eight thousand individuals were thrown out of employment by a strike of the cotton-spinners; and the mortality from the fever reached its maximum in the *earning month*. The attention of the wealthier classes was then drawn to the state of the poor, for it was seen that their own lives were now in considerable danger. Accordingly, a Relief Committee was established, and large funds collected. A soup kitchen was set on foot, from which 18,000 individuals were daily supplied. Employment was procured for 3072 males. Clothes and blankets were distributed. In short, such measures were taken to alleviate the destitution of the unemployed poor, that the severity of the fever was mitigated, and it began gradually to decline. On several other occasions, the same results have followed from the same causes. "In 1817, 1818, and 1819, when fever first prevailed in Glasgow to an alarming extent, its ravages were preceded by two bad harvests, and want of employment for the labouring poor; and to prove the extent of the distress, not among the pauper class, but among the industrious poor, it appeared in 1820 that 2043 heads of families pawned 7339 articles, on which they raised £740. Of these heads of families, 1946 were Scotch, and 97 English or Irish; but the fact most deserving of attention is, that 1375 had never applied for, nor received, charity of any description, though they knew that funds had been voluntarily raised to a large amount." \* And what were the articles pawned—blankets, sheets, clothing of every description; all the little articles of household furniture having been previously sold, without the hope of ever redeeming them."

It is now proper to advert to the amount of fever which has of late years existed in Glasgow; and here we are presented with a view of misery such as no other city in the empire could exhibit, and more resembling, perhaps, the sweeping calamities of eastern climes, than any thing usually seen in our generally more favoured country. In Glasgow, there is a large infirmary, with a fever hospital attached; the poor are also attended at their own houses by certain physicians appointed for the purpose. It is only the cases in the hospital and those privately attended in the above way, that come within the range of Dr Cowan's observations: there must, of course, have been many other cases, attended as usual at the expense of the parties, and we also learn that there were many cases calling for, but not obtaining public aid, in consequence of the want of hospital accommodation. Even, however, when we limit our view to the cases gratuitously treated, the results are appalling. It appears that the fever patients treated in the hospital, were, from 1796 till 1809, inclusive (a period during which the population of the city was comparatively moderate), 1072, or about 11 per cent. of the whole cases of disease treated in the infirmary. From 1810 till 1824, inclusive (a similar space of 15 years, but during which the population was becoming dense), the cases were 7055, or about 32 per cent. of the whole cases. But during the last fifteen years, they have been 27,141, or 52 per cent. of the whole cases. From 1827 till 1839, inclusive, 9665 additional cases were treated privately and gratuitously by the city surgeons. During the five years from 1836 till 1839, inclusive, the deaths from fever in Glasgow were 4788, and the cases in that period are calculated to have been 55,949, of which no less than 21,800 are supposed to have occurred in 1837, being one for about every nine persons in the city! "The mind," says Dr Cowan, "cannot contemplate without horror the amount of human misery which the above statement so forcibly expresses."

Scarlet fever is also a very fatal epidemic in Glasgow, having in the last five years carried off 1056 persons, while the cases are calculated to have been 12,672. Small-pox, in the same period, has swept away 2044, and measles 2448. In these diseases, the victims are, all except a small portion, under ten years of age—the reverse of what is observed in the contagious fever, where fully five-sixths are above the age of ten.

What is most striking about these statistics is, that in London and other large cities in England, fever is not nearly so fatal a disease, and prevails comparatively to a small extent. In those cities, there is as much noxious exhalation, and as great density of population, as in Glasgow; to what, then, can the difference be attributed? Dr Cowan, Dr Alison, and a few other philanthropic inquirers, can discover no answer to this question, but in the destitution which is allowed to exist in Scotland amongst the poorer classes, while in England (among the native population) such a thing can never prevail to any extent, the poor-law there making sure that no one need to remain in a starving condition if he chooses to apply for relief. In the instance of the commercial embarrassment of 1836, had it taken place anywhere in England, the unemployed would have been

\* At the meeting of Monday, September 21.

maintained by the public, and one great cause of fever would not have existed. The same would have been the case with the numerous second-class working-people whom the strike of the spinners in April 1837 threw upon the world. These would have been sustained till it pleased the spinners to resume their work. In Scotland, however, where none but the old and infirm get any public relief, and even they very little, a horde of unemployed people massed up in a dense city immediately becomes a focus of pestilential disease, spreading outwards to the wealthier classes, who then pay with their lives for the erroneous theory on which their institutions are founded, and only become convinced of the necessity of doing something for the poor when they see the mischief take place on a sufficiently large scale, unfortunately taking no warning from the past for the future, but allowing every thing to go on as before, as soon as the danger has been temporarily reduced.

A paper not much less elaborate than that of Dr Cowan, was read\* by Dr Alison "on the Practical Operation of the Scottish System of Management of the Poor," from which, however, we have only room to glean a few facts. The number of vagrant beggars in Scotland was shown to be great : at an average, 845 enter the towns of Peterhead every year. They take refuge in large towns in winter, and in summer wander through the country, begging by day, and sleeping in out-houses at night. In a parish in the Old Town of Edinburgh, containing 2500 persons, 103 families, or nearly a fifth of the whole people, were lately found by a church missionary in a destitute state. Of 120 such families reported on by two of the city missionaries, only 30 had any parish relief. Again, of 57 very destitute families, only 10 had such assistance. Twenty-six persons accustomed to visit the poor in the Old Town, gave their testimony to the extent of the destitution, its effect in sending all kinds of furniture and clothing to the pawnbroker, and its being, in a large proportion of instances, quite independent of intemperance, the frequently-recurring want of work (that is, the redundancy of the population) being apparently the leading cause of the evil. Dr Alison adduced grounds for his opinion that the fever which ravages Edinburgh as well as Glasgow, is more the result of, or favoured by, destitution, than the result of noxious effluvia or density of population.†

In a long paper read afterwards,‡ Dr Chalmers took the same view of the actual condition of the poor in Scotland, but endeavoured to show that a compulsory provision is not necessary. He described a course of procedure which he followed some years ago in the parish of St John's, which is one of the poorest in Glasgow, he being then its pastor. Dismissing all legal provision, he looked for pecuniary means only to the collections at his church door, which, if we recollect rightly, he stated to amount to £.400 per annum. The population of the parish was about 10,000. He depended chiefly on the sympathy which the poor feel for the poor, the affection which individuals feel for their relations, and the principle in all men that they will rather work than starve. His agency for working out his system consisted of a number of officers whom he called deacons, members of his congregation and generally persons in respectable circumstances, residing, some within the parish, and some throughout the city. Each deacon had a particular small district under his charge. To him any destitute person in the district applied for relief. The first step taken by a deacon, on an application for relief being made, was to inquire if the applicant could not get work. If he could not, work was, if possible, obtained for him, the deacons having, from their place in society, considerable facilities in procuring employment. Should this expedient fail, the next was to see if the applicant had any friends who would contribute to his support till he was again able to maintain himself. This part of the plan met generally with such success as to convey a favourable impression of the kindness subsisting amongst relatives in the district. It was also found that neighbours, unrelated to the parties, would do much to alleviate the condition of the destitute. Dr Chalmers described the plan as altogether so successful, that there was a constant flowing in of poor into his parish, in order to enjoy its benefits. Yet, during the four years in which he superintended its operation, there were only as many additional poor upon the roll as called for an expenditure in all of £.32, or £.8 a-year at an average. The general result he indeed described to be, that, by merely a minute system of inspection, and a little management in obtaining work and throwing as many as possible upon their own resources, or upon relatives and neighbours, the poor were supported with comparatively a very small expenditure of money.

A good deal of discussion followed the reading of this paper, but to little purpose. The only strong objection presented was one by Dr Alison, that nothing had been done to prove to the section that the destitute of the parish were really and adequately supplied, or that, during the late disastrous years, the condition of this parish was better than that of

others. Some others might have been pressed. For example, there is no assurance that in each parish the church collections would be sufficient : in St John's, the sum collected was unusually large, in consequence of a popular preacher attracting a congregation of ladies and gentlemen from all parts of a large city. Also, while the utility of such an agency may be admitted, the country cannot be satisfied that such an agency is every where, and within every parish, to be had, or that each particular clergyman in the land is able or willing to frame and keep it in action. Again, there is no certain dependence to be placed on relatives and neighbours. These may do much for an unfortunate person ; but they will scarcely do all that is necessary, as is in fact shown by the present system, which mainly consists in leaving the poor to be supported by the next class above them, the result of which is that they are, in general, barely kept in life, while the object desired by the advocates of the compulsory system is, that all shall be fed up to the point of health, though not with the comforts or enjoyments of the independent labourer, and that this should be done, not at the expense of the benevolent alone, or of any class in particular, but by an assessment laid equitably upon all. It was strongly urged against Dr Chalmers, at the close of the meeting, that among the most destitute of the people in Scotland, who are continually migrating in search of employment, the care for relations is practically found to be much less than in any of the superior ranks of society ; that many such destitute families receive little or no religious instruction, simply on account of want of decent clothing ; and that many such families have been reduced to this condition by causes over which they have had as little control as over the visitations of disease, for which he avowed that he thought provision ought to be made by assessment ; and also (what he himself admitted), that in this lowest class, habituated to one form or another of beggary, population advances with the most rapid strides.

On the whole, it appeared but too plainly, from the statements made on this occasion, that the condition of the poorest class of our countrymen is neither satisfactory, nor, as compared with other nations (particularly England, Holland, or Germany), creditable to our national character ; and that a searching inquiry into the facts, and an impartial consideration of remedial measures, has become a national duty.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

##### TEACHERS' SALARIES.

In advertisements for teachers, the ludicrous contrast of almost universal accomplishment against diminutive salary continues to be frequently exhibited. In one newspaper, we lately found an advertisement for a parish-schoolmaster, who is required to be able "to instruct in Latin, grammar, writing, arithmetic, and geography;" and it is added, that "a knowledge of the French language will be a recommendation." The salary to be about £.26 per annum, besides the fees for scholars (perhaps 80 at 2s. a-quarter each), and there is a free house and garden." Something like £.58 a-year (or 22s. 6d. a-week), besides a shabby cottage for a residence, along with a cabbage garden, are here offered for the services of a highly educated man of first-rate character ; the said highly favoured individual being of course required to settle down for life in an out-of-the-way part of the world, where there is no prospect of promotion. Another advertisement in the same paper is for a master "to teach the usual branches of elementary education in a village school," for which he is to have the extraordinarily large sum of £.50 per annum (or 19s. a-week). In the same paper there are several other advertisements for teachers, but, with commendable modesty, they do not mention the amount of salary. In one, in which the teacher is to instruct in all the usual branches, and besides, "conduct a Sabbath evening school"—"in other words, to work seven days a-week—he is to have a small salary;" very small, we have no doubt ; perhaps, at a guess, 8s. a-week, besides an empty lodgings.

To make all this the more ridiculous, there are advertisements in the same columns requiring the services of young men as clerks, overseers, &c., to whom salaries are promised on a reasonable scale of allowance. A sub-manager for an iron-work is offered "from one to two hundred pounds per annum, with a house;" a person to look after blast-furnaces is to get "£.100 and a house;" and for a clerk to a railway contractor, "the salary is to be liberal." We again ask the needless question, Is it to be expected that men of good abilities and attainments are to adopt the profession of the teacher, at wretched salaries, when they can get good salaries in other professions ?

It is not unworthy of notice, that, of late years, the condition of teachers has in some situations been worse than it even used to be at the time when education was attracting little attention. We advert in particular to several of the burghs of our own country, where the magistracies, having the lavishness of the old system before their eyes, are animated by an ultra disposition to pinch, pare, and screw down. We have heard of the salaries in some places being so reduced, that the teachers are now strikingly inferior in qualifications, or at least younger and less experienced men than formerly. This is bad policy, which must soon tell upon the reputation of the schools in question.

##### A HINT FOR MAP-MAKERS.

Those who, in this country, prepare maps for the guidance of tourists, would do well to look into Keller's Map of Switzerland, a foreign production, but sold, we believe, in England. This map is made to tell of many things which are usually only noticed in the books accompanying maps, and all this without confusing the eye of the peruser, as might be expected, with an unusual quantity of writing. The object is attained by a set of neat signs or marks, the explanations of which are given on a slip of paper pasted on the case of the map. There are at least thirty such signs, and amongst them we find not only indications of the chief towns of districts, cathedral towns, battle-fields, &c., which are sometimes given in our own maps, but things denoting mines, factories, fine views, inns, bridges, post-houses, and so forth. As much intelligence is accordingly conveyed on the face of this map as would otherwise occupy a volume.

While on this subject, we cannot resist the opportunity of rendering our humble meed of praise to the ingenuity and industry of the late Mr Drummond, under-secretary for Ireland, as exemplified in the maps of that country prepared for the commission on the proposed Irish railways. These maps are on a large scale, and beautifully engraved and coloured. Each is designed to present Ireland in a certain aspect. For example, one is to illustrate the comparative populousness of different districts of the country ; another is to show the various amounts of travelling in different districts, as manifested by tax returns ; a third, the various degrees in which districts are devoted to manufactures ; and so on. All this is done by employing different depths of colouring at the different places, so that the elements of consideration required by the commissioners for their guidance may be said to meet their eyes in a moment. While lauding the ingenuity of the author of these maps, it must ever be regretted that the excessive labour undergone in their construction proved destructive to his life, and deprived the country of one of the most valuable minds devoted to its service.

##### GAS BURNERS.

About six months ago, a paper was read before the Scottish Society of Arts by Dr Andrew Fyfe, respecting the comparative illuminating power of different kinds of gas burners, from which some useful information was derived. The following is an abstract from the proceedings of the society on the subject :—

"In trying the comparative illuminating powers of different gas-burners, Dr Fyfe stated that he took a single jet-burner, burning with a flame of five inches in length as the standard, in which case he had it so adjusted as to burn exactly one foot per hour. Assuming the light given by this burner, as thus used, to be as

The light given by a fish-tail for an equal consumpt. of gas	100
By a bat-wing, about	140
By an argand (24 holes)	164
By an argand (24 holes)	180

Accordingly, for equal consumptions of gas, the additional light given, over and above that afforded by a jet, is, by the fish-tail 40, by the bat-wing upwards of 60, and by an argand 80 per cent. For this purpose, however, it is necessary to use the fish-tail and bat-wing burning with their full supply of gas, and to have the argand with a flame of about three inches. On increasing the number of holes in the argand, though the quantity of gas consumed becomes greater, the comparative illuminating power is not augmented ; the increase in light being merely proportionate to the enlarged expenditure. From the numerous experiments which he had performed, Dr Fyfe stated that he had come to the conclusion that the argand is by far the most economical method of consuming gas when illumination is the only object, and provided, of course, so much light is required ; and that the single jet is the most unprofitable, and ought never to be used. When the light of a single jet only is required, he mentioned that it is much better to have a burner with two or three holes so near each other that there shall be only one flame. When this is so used as to give the light of a jet, it consumes from 10 to 20 per cent. less of gas, thus causing a great saving to those who burn by meter."

##### UN-LOCOMOTIVE CHARACTER OF FARMERS.

The following observations on a somewhat remarkable point in the character of British farmers, occur in a letter of a traveller published in a late London newspaper :—

"This leads me to add an observation upon a somewhat singular matter of fact connected with my experience as a traveller. In the course of my journeys abroad, which have occupied, at different times, some years of my life, and during which I have visited the four quarters of the globe, I never either met with an English farmer, or became acquainted with any person who had. Every other class of my countrymen have fallen in my way ; the manufacturer, the wholesale and retail dealer, the shop assistant, the merchant's clerk, men of all callings and professions, are to be met with abroad ; but the British farmer is never encountered, unless on board an emigrant ship destined for America, or some other country containing new settlements. Yet whose business affords so much leisure as that of the farmer !—and who so likely to derive pleasure or profit from travel-

\* Friday, September 18.

† All those evils in the great towns were shown to be very much dependent on a continued influx of poor families from other parts of the country, and on the law of three years' settlement, and the miserably scanty provision for the poor in many parts of the country precluding the possibility of a more equal diffusion of the burden of pauperism over Scotland.

‡ Tuesday, September 25.

ling, as he who would be able at every revolution of the wheels of his carriage to observe some new fact bearing upon his own pursuit, and to compare it with what he had left at home! An English farmer who made the tour of Belgium, France, and Switzerland, would acquire more knowledge and experience than by attending a thousand meetings of agricultural societies in England."

The writer surmises that, as it is from no want of leisure or motives of self-interest and pleasure that farm-tenants are never found abroad, it must be from want of means; and he converts this surmise to his own purpose, as reflecting on the insufficiency of "protection" to create wealth. Whatever "protection" may do, we cannot but see that the great mass of British farmers are capitalists on so small a scale, that they could not be expected readily to afford the expenses of a continental journey. Many, on the other hand, are capitalists on so large a scale, that they might be expected to travel abroad like other persons of the same degree of wealth; but the minds of the agricultural class are not enterprising or active in this particular direction. The languor of mind consequent on rural quiet and a limited and unvaried range of duties, is sufficient to make the British farmer so little of a traveller. We may mention that we know one Scottish farmer who has travelled over the Continent in quest of information.

#### BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

##### MRS PIOZZI.

Few females have been fated to associate their names so intimately and lastingly with the literary history of England, as Hester Lynch Salusbury, better known under her successive marital names of Mrs Thrale and Mrs Piozzi. This arose partly, it is undeniable, from the accidents of fortune and position, but independently of these circumstances, this lady had a sufficiency of personal merit to render her history a matter of interest on her own account alone. She was born in 1740, and was the daughter of John Salusbury, Esq. of Bodville, in Caernarvonshire. Miss Salusbury received an excellent education under the care of the learned Doctor Collyer, and made unusual proficiency, considering her sex, in classical literature. The Hebrew, Greek, and Latin languages, were among her acquisitions in this department.

In her twenty-fourth year, Miss Salusbury married Henry Thrale, Esq., an eminent brewer in Southwark, and a man of education and talent. He was acquainted with the well-known critic and dramatist, Arthur Murphy, by whom he was introduced, soon after his marriage, to Dr Samuel Johnson, then in the full blow of his fame. The decided literary tastes, both of Mr and Mrs Thrale, led to a mutual attraction between them and Dr Johnson, and he was their frequent guest from the first hour of their acquaintance. Ere long, the connexion grew closer, Johnson being invited, in 1766, to take up his residence with them at Streatham altogether—an invitation which he willingly accepted. Boswell represents this as a happy event for the great lexicographer. "He had at Mr Thrale's all the comforts and luxuries of life; his melancholy was diverted, and his irregular habits lessened, by association with an agreeable and well-ordered family." For fifteen years, this connexion continued with, upon the whole, mutual satisfaction to guest and entertainers, impaired only on occasions by the rough and dogmatic manners of Dr Johnson. But when Mr Thrale died in 1781, the case was altered. The doctor had always been easily kept in check by the presence of the mild but manly Thrale, for whom he had a sincere and rooted respect. Now, however, he assumed the dominion of the family circle, and exercised his power in such a way that Mrs Thrale could not see any of her own friends at her house, without subjecting them to the chance of meeting with bearish rudeness and insult. In her "Anecdotes," published afterwards, she mentions, in proof of this statement, that two quiet and respectable gentlemen came one day to dine with her at Streatham. One of them, a Quaker, chanced to tell an anecdote respecting the red-hot balls thrown at the siege of Gibraltar, which had just taken place. When he had done, "I would advise you, sir," said Johnson, with a cold sneer, "never to relate this story again. You can scarce imagine how very poor a figure you make in the telling of it." The abashed and unassuming Quaker never again ventured to open his mouth but in a whisper throughout the evening, and, even then, he spoke only to his friend who had come with him. When the two visitors departed, and Johnson was left alone with Mrs Thrale, "I did not quarrel with those fellows," said he, with a satisfied sense of his own forbearance. "They gave you no cause of offence," replied Mrs Thrale. "No offence!" returned the doctor, with an altered voice; "and is it nothing to sit whispering together when I am present, without even directing their discourse towards me, or offering me a share in the conversation?"

This story will prepare the reader for learning that the connexion between Mrs Thrale and Johnson did not last long after Mr Thrale's death. It is to her credit, however, that she did not hurriedly or rudely

part with a man, possessed of virtues so great and numerous, and so far transcending, on the whole, his failings. Three years after the death of her husband, she went to Bath, for the advantage, partly, of her health, and partly that she might be for a time freed from the yoke which had become so heavy. At Bath, she met a music-master, named Piozzi, an Italian by birth, and a man of respectability, though not the equal, certainly, in fortune or station, of herself. However, she married him, and Johnson and she parted for ever. The fact of Piozzi being a foreigner and a musician, as well as the consciousness, no doubt, of the altered position in which the marriage would place himself with respect to the Thrale family—all this conspired to make the match odious to the doctor, and some have asserted (what others deny) that in a letter to herself he called it a "most ignominious business." But the lady's mind was made up. Johnson took leave of her mildly, and, indeed, affectingly, after all was concluded. "What you have done," he said, "however I may lament it, I have no pretence to resent, as it has not been injurious to me; I therefore breathe out one sigh more of tenderness, perhaps useless, but at least sincere. I wish that God may grant you every blessing."

Mrs Thrale became Mrs Piozzi in 1784. Her name was too famous in the literary circles to permit of her escape from the pellets of the wit-mongers of the day, though there was certainly nothing very wonderful in the re-marriage of a woman of forty, even with a person a little below her in rank. Peter Pindar treats this marriage-matter in a very humorous way, in his piece called *Boozy and Piozzi*, where he paints a contention between James Boswell and the lady, as rival candidates for the honour of biographising Dr Johnson. The lady is made to defend her escape from widowhood thus emphatically:—

\* \* \* \* \*

Tell me, James Boswell, what's the world to me?  
He tell me what to do! a pretty whim!  
He to propriety (the beans!) exhort!  
As well might elephants preside at court!

Tell me, James Boswell, what's the world to me?  
The folks who paid respects to Mrs Thrale,  
Fed on her pork, poor souls! and swilled her ale,  
May sicken at Piozzi; nine in ten  
Turn up the nose of scorn;—what then?  
They keep their company, and I my meat.

It was true, as the satirist hints, that the world, guided or biased by regard for Johnson, did very generally condemn the match. Mrs Piozzi freed herself from their immediate sneers by going abroad with her husband. At the close of 1784, they visited France, and subsequently passed through Germany and Italy. They settled ultimately, for a time, at Florence. Here Mrs Piozzi's fixed literary tastes led to the congregation of a congenial knot of English gentlemen and ladies, who, chiefly for their own amusement, published a volume, called the "Florence Miscellany," to which they all contributed. Mrs Piozzi was a leader in the business, and many pieces, of no slight merit, appeared at this time from her pen. One in particular may be adverted to, as worthy of notice, namely, the "Three Warnings," a pointed allegorical piece, which has found a place in almost all subsequent collections of poetry. The contributions to this miscellany constituted Mrs Piozzi's first appearances in print. She had for a conductor at Florence the famous Della Crusca (Mr Merry), "on whose coming over to England," says Mr Gifford, "a poetical amatory fever spread through the land and its periodicals—Laura, Maria, Carlos, Orlando, Adelaide, and a thousand other nameless names, caught the infection; and from one end of the kingdom to the other, all was nonsense and Della Crusca." Mrs Piozzi was of a grade superior to these scribblers, and ought never to have been accounted of their number.

After visiting every part of Italy, Mrs Piozzi returned with her husband to England. In a fanciful moment, she imitated Dean Swift by composing some light verses at Dover, of which the merit is the rhyming. They run thus:—

He whom fair winds have wafted over,  
First hails his native land at Dover,  
And doubts not but he shall discover  
Pleasure in every path round Dover;  
Envies the happy crows which hover  
About old Shakespeare's cliff at Dover;  
From this fond dream he'll soon recover,  
When debts shall drive him back to Dover;  
Hoping, though poor, to live a clover;  
Once safely past the straits at Dover; &c.

And so on. The fruit of her continental journey was a two-volume work of travels, which is written in a lively style, but did not take any very permanent hold on the public attention. The wonder with which a traveller is struck by the customs and sights of a foreign country, is one of the main requisites for drawing up a perfect account of them. Seeing much with her husband's eyes, Mrs Piozzi seems to have been led into the *poco curante* train of sentiment. For a while, however, her work was popular.

In 1786, Mrs Piozzi published her well-known volume of "Anecdotes of Dr Johnson." The great interest of the subject would alone have made this book a favourite, but the authoress ought not to be deprived of the share of merit justly due to her, as a narrator of much acuteness of observation and liveliness of fancy. Smarting as she then was under the neglect which Johnson's open disapproval of her marriage had brought upon her from the circles in which she had previously shone, it is scarcely to be wondered

at that she should have allowed the shades of her former friend's character to come out pretty broadly on her canvas; but we believe she cannot be proved to have told any untruths, and she over and over again admits the greatness of his virtues. In the year 1788, she published a second work relating to Johnson, being a series of Letters which had passed between herself and him. These are very interesting; and had not Boswell's unique production given us a view so wonderful minute of the doctor's character, would have been held as a most important contribution to literary history. Boswell, however, superseded and threw into the shade all other works upon the subject of which he treated. But Mrs Piozzi has still the merit of having produced a pleasing record of many incidents in the life of a remarkable man.

Her next work was one published in 1794, and entitled "British Synonymy; or an attempt at regulating the choice of words in familiar conversation." Mr Gifford passes a very harsh censure on this work, harsher than justice called for, though certainly the lady was not possessed of that profound knowledge requisite for the complete fulfilment of the task which she had chosen for herself. In place of giving any specimen of the prose compositions of Mrs Piozzi, however, in support of the favourable view which we take of her talents, we prefer to give a passage from her poetry. The following piece was not published till after her decease, and appeared in the "Literary Gazette":—

##### DUTY AND PLEASURE.

Duty and Pleasure, long at strife,  
Met in the common walks of life.  
"Pray don't disturb me—get you gone!"  
Cries Duty in a serious tone.  
Then, with a smile, "Keep off, my dear,  
Nor force me to be thus severe."  
"Dear sir," cries Pleasure, "you're so grave;  
You make yourself a perfect slave.  
I can't think why we disagree;  
You may turn Methodist for me.  
But, if you'll neither laugh nor play,  
At least don't stop me in my way.  
Yet sure one moment you might steal,  
To see the lovely Miss O'Neill.  
One hour to relaxation give:  
Oh, lend one hour from life to live!  
And here's a bird, and there's a bower—  
Dear Duty, walk a little slower!"  
"My morning's task is not half done,"  
Cries Duty, with an inward groan;  
"False colours on each object spread;  
I know not where or how I'm led."  
Your bragg'd enjoyments mount the wind,  
And leave their venom'd stings behind.  
Where are you flown?"— Voices around  
Cry, "Pleasure long hath left the ground.  
Old age advances; haste away,  
Nor lose the light of parting day!  
See! sickness follows, sorrow threats;  
Waste no more time in vain regrets.  
Oh, Duty! one more effort given  
May reach, perhaps, the gates of Heaven,  
Where only, each with each delighted,  
Pleasure and Duty live united."

In 1801, Mrs Piozzi gave to the world another couple of volumes, entitled "Retrospection; or a review of the most striking events of the last eighteen hundred years," &c. This was the last important work of the subject of our memoir, who lost her second husband in 1809, and from that period, up to the close of her life in 1823, resided constantly at Clifton, near Bath. Her last years were cheerful and happy; and, as may be imagined, she was an object of much interest to all around her, being one of the few living memorials of the flourishing age of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke. She retained so much of the health and spirit of youth up to the last, that, in her 82d year, she gave a ball to her friends, and led down the first dance in person.

##### AN ENTHUSIASTIC NATURALIST.

The following passage occurs in a letter of Wilson, the American ornithologist, to a friend, and contains a pleasing portrait of the amiable and enthusiastic spirit of the author:—

"That lovely season is now approaching, when the garden, woods, and fields, will again display their foliage and flowers. Every day we may expect strangers, flocking from the south, to fill our woods with harmony. The pencil of Nature is now at work, and outlines tints, and gradations of lights and shades, that baffle all description, will soon be spread before us by that great Master, our most benevolent friend and Father. Let us cheerfully participate in the feast he is preparing for all our senses. Let us survey those millions of green strangers, just peeping into day, as so many happy messengers come to proclaim the power and munificence of the Creator. I confess that I was always an enthusiast in my admiration of the rural scenery of nature; but since your example and encouragement have set me to attempt to imitate her productions, I see new beauties in every bird, plant, or flower, I contemplate; and find my ideas of the incomprehensible First Cause still more exalted, the more minutely I examine his works."

I sometimes smile to think that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandisement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark; or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works, that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks, and owls, opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's

ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought me; and though they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny bits, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brought me a large basket full of crows. I expect his next load will be bullfrogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that evening, and all the while the pantings of its little heart showed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl, but happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torture are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

#### SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

##### SPECTRAL ILLUSIONS.

In a preceding paper, reference was made to various authentic cases, in which disorder of the system, mental and bodily, had produced illusions of a spectral character. Our general and leading object, it was then stated, was to show that all similar phenomena may be traced to the same causes, and this principle will be kept in view in continuing the subject.

Disease in the brain, organic mental disorder, hysterical and epileptic affections, deranged digestion (producing *delirium tremens*), and a plethoric state of the blood-vessels, were pointed out as capable of causing spectral illusions. An unsound state of the organ of vision itself may also cause them. Dr Abercrombie mentions two cases strikingly illustrative of this fact. In one of these, a gentleman of high mental endowments, and of the age of eighty, enjoying uninterrupted health, and very temperate in his habits, was the person subject to the illusions. For twelve years this gentleman had daily visitations of spectral figures, attired often in foreign dresses, such as Roman, Turkish, and Grecian, and presenting all varieties of the human countenance, in its gradations from childhood to old age. Sometimes faces only were visible, and the countenance of the gentleman himself not unfrequently appeared among them. One old and architecturing lady was the most constant visitor, and she always wore a tartan plaid of an antique cut. These illusory appearances were rather amusing than otherwise, being for the most part of a pleasing character. [In our former paper, the principle that regulated the illusions in this respect was pointed out. A man of quiet life, temperate habits, and cheerful disposition, such as the old gentleman now alluded to, could not but have ordinarily an agreeable train of fancies; and hence the spectra were necessarily pleasing in character, since they consisted merely of an embodiment of these fancies, through some peculiar disorder of the system, upon the retina or optic nerve.] The second case mentioned by Dr Abercrombie was one even more remarkable than the preceding. "A gentleman of sound mind, in good health, and engaged in active business, has all his life been the sport of spectral illusions to such an extent that, in meeting a friend on the street, he first has appeal to the sense of touch before he can determine whether or not the appearance is real. He can call up figures at will by a steady process of mental conception, and the figure may either be something real or the composition of his own fancy." Another member of the family was subject to the same delusive impressions.

These very curious cases indicate, we think, a defective condition of the retina, which may be held as one distinct and specific source of spectral deceptions. That defective condition seems to consist in an unusual sensitiveness, rendering the organ liable to have figures called up upon it by the stimulus of the fancy, as if impressed by actual external objects. In ordinary circumstances, on a friend being vividly called to one's remembrance, one can mentally form a complete conception of his face and figure in their minutest lineaments. "My father!" says Hamlet, "methinks I see him now!" "Where, my lord?" "In my wind's eye, Horatio." In Hamlet's case, an apparition is described as having followed this delineation by the memory, and so may a vivid impression of any figure or object be transferred from the mind to the retina, where the latter organ is permanently or temporarily in a weak or peculiarly sensitive state. In this way the spectral illusions seem to have been habitually caused in the two cases described. There the defect in the retina was the fundamental or ultimate cause of their existence, and the fancy of the individual the power which regulated their frequency and character. Slighter cases of this nature are of comparatively common occurrence—cases in which the retina is for a short time so affected as to give the impression of an apparition. Every one is aware that a peculiarly bright or shining object, if long gazed upon, does not leave the retina as soon as the eye is withdrawn from it. It remains upon the nerve for a considerable time afterwards, at least in outline, as may be observed by closing the eyelids on such occasions. This retentive

power, when aided by the imagination, and perhaps by a little bodily derangement with which the senses sympathise, may be carried so far as to produce an actual and forcible spectral illusion. A gentleman, who had gazed long and earnestly on a small and beautiful portrait of the Virgin and Child, was startled, immediately on turning his eye from the picture, by seeing a woman and infant at the other end of his chamber of the full size of life. A particular circumstance, however, disclosed in a moment the source of the appearance. The picture was a three parts' length, and the apparitional figures also wanted the lower fourth of the body, thus showing that the figures had merely been retained on the tablet of the eye. But the retina may retain an impression much longer than in this case; or rather may recall, after a considerable time, an impression that has been very vividly made at the first. A servant girl living in a family where there were some phrenological busts, and, among others, a conspicuous one of Curran, awoke her bed companion one morning with the alarming information that the ghost of Curran stood at the foot of the bed dressed in a sailor's jacket, and having on his pale face the unwanted and unbutlike ornament of an immense pair of black whiskers. The other servant could see nothing, though the apparition seemed to her companion to remain visible for some minutes. On the tale being told, a pretty strong light was thrown on the matter. The master of the house had a yacht, and its sailors at that period were frequently about the premises. Going to bed much fatigued, and having her dreaming thoughts divided between her household duties and some gay whiskered beau of the yacht, the girl's fancy had dressed up Curran's bust, an object most familiar to her retina, in the way mentioned, giving him the sailor's person and whiskers as a fitting appendage. Had the object called up to the eye in this case, instead of being a bust of Curran, chanced to be a portrait of some wicked ancestor or ancestress of the family, as might easily have occurred from the greater comparative impression made on the mind by portraits of that cast, then should we have had a splendid instance of the preternatural appearance of a spirit stung by remorse, and haunting restlessly the scene of its mortal guilt. The girl, without imposture, might have conscientiously reiterated her conviction of the reality of the vision, and the possession of a haunted chamber would have most certainly been assigned to the mansion, inspiring such terror that renewals of the illusion might really have taken place in consequence. Where the whole affair is not a fiction in such haunted-chamber cases, some solution of this kind may be with certainty applied.

It appears, then, from the cases described, that the eye, through defectiveness of its parts, or through the power of the retina in retaining or recalling vivid impressions, may itself be the main agent in producing spectral illusions. From one particular circumstance, we may generally tell at once whether or not the eye is the organ in fault on such occasions. In Dr Abercrombie's cases, the spectral figures never spoke. This is equivalent to a positive indication that the sense of hearing was not involved in the derangement; in short, that the eye, and not the whole of the senses, or general system, constituted the seat of the defect. This is an important medical diagnostic.

Our readers have now seen, that there are various modes in which the system may be so disturbed as to produce spectral illusions, and that, in the majority of these cases, the parties subject to them might seem to be not only of sound mind, but in perfect bodily health. Another mode of explaining cases of this description may now be indicated. Many of the apparitions which have been vouch'd for by those subjected to them, have certainly been neither more nor less than *evil dreams*. Practically, the phenomena of dreams are so well known to every one, that it is needless to enlarge upon the force and impressiveness which they may occasionally assume. When they bear upon an interesting and important subject, it is peculiarly natural that they should deeply affect the mind, and perhaps leave the parties to whom they occurred, in permanent doubt as to whether they were merely dreams, or supernatural visitations. We shall here quote a case remarkably in point, and one which is not mentioned in English works on this subject; it is told by the compiler of *Les Causes Célebres*. Two young noblemen, the Marquises De Rambouillet and De Prey, belonging to two of the first families of France, made an agreement, in the warmth of their friendship, that the one who died first should return to the other with tidings of the world to come. Soon afterwards, Du Rambouillet went to the wars in Flanders, while De Prey remained at Paris, stricken by a fever. Lying alone in bed, and severely ill, De Prey one day heard a rustling of his bed-curtains, and, turning round, saw his friend De Rambouillet, in full military attire. The sick man sprang over the bed to welcome his friend, but the other receded, and said that he had come to fulfil his promise, having been killed on that very day. He further said that it behaved De Prey to think more of the after-world, as all that was said of it was true, and as he himself would die in his first battle. De Prey was then left by the phantom; and it was afterwards found that De Rambouillet had fallen on that day. De Prey recovered, went to the wars, and died in his first combat.

Here, after a compact—the very conception of which argues credulosity or weakness of mind—we not

only have one of the parties left in anxiety about the other, but left in a violent fever, and aware that his friend was engaged in a bloody war. That a spectral illusion should occur in such a case, is a thing not at all to be wondered at, as little as the direction and shape that the sick man's wanderings took. The fulfilment of the prophecy is the point of interest; and regarding it we would simply use the words of Dr Hibbert, in referring to the story of Lord Balcarres and Viscount Dundee. Lord Balcarres was confined as a Jacobite in the castle of Edinburgh, while Dundee was fighting for the same cause, and, on one occasion, the apparition of the latter came to the bedside of Balcarres, looked at him steadfastly, leaned for some time on the mantel-piece, and then walked away. It afterwards appeared that Dundee fell just about the time at Killiecrankie. "With regard to this point," says Dr Hibbert, "it must be considered that, agreeably to the well-known doctrine of chances, the event (of Dundee's death) might as well occur then as at any other time; while a far greater proportion of other apparitions, less fortunate in such a supposed confirmation of their supernatural origin, are allowed quietly to sink into oblivion." This observation applies equally as well to the case of De Prey as to that of Balcarres, each of whom knew that his friend was then hotly campaigning, and could most probably even guess, from the latest bulletins, on what day the hostile armies would decisively meet. We are not told whether or not Balcarres, like De Prey, was in ill health, but the Scottish lord was confined on a charge of high treason, and on Dundee's life or death, victory or defeat, the fate of the prisoner must have been felt by himself to rest. This was enough to give his lordship a vivid dream, and even to give him a waking portraiture of Dundee, after the fashion of the bust of Curran case.

But though explanations may thus be given of the common run of apparition cases, it may seem to some that there are particular cases not to be so accounted for. Of this nature, such readers may say, is the well-warranted story of the Irish lady of rank, who, having married a second time, was visited in the night-time by the spirit of her first husband, from whom she received a notification of the appointed period of her own death. The lady was at first terrified, but regained her courage. "How shall I know to-morrow morn," said she boldly to the spectre, "that this is not a delusion of the senses—that I indeed am visited by a spirit?" "Let this be a token to thee for life," said the visitant, and, grasping the arm of the lady for an instant, disappeared. In the morning, a dark mark, as if of a fresh burn, was seen on the wrist, and the lady kept the scar covered over while she lived. She died at the time prophesied.

This story is told with great unction by some memoir writers, and the circumstances are said to have been long kept secret by the lady's family. For argument's sake, let us admit the most striking points of the case to be true. As for the circumstance of her death at the time foretold, it is well known how powerful imagination is in causing fulfilment in these cases; and, at all events, one instance of such a fulfilment is no great marvel amid hundreds of failures. But the black mark—what of it? We confess to the reader, that if we had actually seen the scar upon the hand of the lady, we should not have been one step nearer to the admission of supernatural agency. A most respectable merchant-captain told Sir Walter Scott the following story, which will well illustrate the point under consideration. While lying in the Tagus, a man belonging to his ship was murdered by a Portuguese, and a report soon spread that the spirit of the deceased haunted the vessel. The captain found, on making inquiry, that one of his own mates, an honest, sensible Irishman, was the chief evidence respecting the ghost. The mate affirmed that the spectre took him from bed every night, led him about the ship, and, in short, worried his life out. The captain knew not what to think of this, but he privately resolved to watch the mate by night. He did so, and, at the hour of twelve, saw the man start up with ghastly looks, and light a candle; after which he went to the galley, where he stood staring wildly for a time, as if on some horrible object. He then lifted a can filled with water, sprinkled some of it about, and, appearing much relieved, went quietly back to his bed. Next morning, on being asked if he had been annoyed in the night, he said "Yes; I was led by the ghost to the galley, but I got hold, in some way or other, of a jar of holy water, and freed myself, by sprinkling it about, from the presence of the horrible phantom." The captain now told the truth as observed, and the mate, though much surprised, believed it. He was never visited by the ghost again, the deception of his own dreaming fancy being thus discovered.

Had the mate burnt his hand with the candle, and by the same mode of reasoning which led him to believe in the banishment of the ghost by holy water, formed the conclusion that the spectre had touched his hand to imprint on it a perpetual mark, what would have been said of the matter by his comrades and himself in the morning, supposing no watching to have taken place? They would assuredly have held the scar as an indubitable proof of the supernatural visitation, and the story would have remained as darkly mysterious as could be desired. If the reader imagines that the pain must have awakened the somnambulist, we beg to point to a well-authenticated incident, stated to have occurred in England but a few weeks

ago. A respectable young man rose from his bed, and went out in his sleep by a high window, dislocating his shoulder by the fall he received. He afterwards contrived to place a ladder against the wall, reascended, and went to bed. For the first time did he learn the truth, when, in the morning, the open window, the ladder, and his disjointed arm, told him that the occurrences which he believed to have taken place in a dream, had been so far a reality. It is also well known with what ease and rapidity the mind can invest circumstances in sleep to accord with any passing sensation. A dream that seems to involve a long and complex train of circumstances, will sometimes occupy not more than a single moment of time—the whole is a rapid shoot of a half-awakened fancy. For instance, a pistol report, that actually awakened a sleeper, has been known to give him an instantaneous yet seemingly extended series of adventures, including a quarrel, a challenge, and a *duel*. Metaphysicians have long been aware of these phenomena.

The reader will have no difficulty in seeing the applicability of these circumstances to those apparition-cases where such a thing as a *mark* is shown as a proof of a supernatural visitation. The Irish lady may readily have risen in her sleep, burnt her hand against the bed-room grate, and, conscious of an unpleasant sensation, though not awakened by it, her fancy may have formed the whole story of the supernatural visitation, precisely as the Irish mate invented the circumstances connected with the holy water. When we find that such an explanation of the matter is accordant with observed and unquestionable facts, it would be irrational to overlook it, and seek a solution in a supposed breach of the laws of nature.

Besides, let us think of the apparent reasons for the majority of spectral communications, supposing them to be supernatural. Can we deem it accordant with the dignity of that great Power which orders the universe, that a spirit should be sent to warn a libertine lordling of the hour of his death, as was held to be done in the famous case of Lord Lytton? Or that a spiritual messenger should be commissioned to walk about an old manor-house, dressed in a white sheet, and dragging clanking chains, for no better purpose than to frighten old women and servant girls, as said to be done in all haunted-chamber cases? Or that a supernatural being should be charged with the notable task of tapping on bed-heads, pulling down plates, and making a clatter among tea-cups, as in the case of the Stockwell ghost, and a thousand others? The supposition is monstrous. If to any one inhabitant of this earth—a petty atom, occupying a speck of a place on a ball which is itself an insignificant unit among millions of spheres—if to such a one a supernatural communication was designed, certainly it would be for some purpose worthy of the all-wise Communicator, and fraught with importance to the recipient of the message, as well, perhaps, as to his whole race. Keeping this in mind, how absurd do our apparition stories appear!

#### BLACK HUGH CAMPBELL.

##### AN ANECDOTE.

GENERAL STEWART, in his work on the Highland Regiments, presents a pleasing picture of the relation which existed, in those corps, between the officers and men. The former being generally the sons and other near relatives of the chiefs, and the latter the sons of the clansmen and tenantry, matters remained much on the same footing between the parties as while the whole resided in their native glens. Regimental discipline was comparatively little regarded, being in fact superseded or rendered unnecessary by the devoted attachment of the soldiers to the officers, and their genuine anxiety to act a brave and honourable part in their military career. Animated by high feelings of affection and duty, the Highlanders made excellent though somewhat irregular soldiers. It is lamentable to have to relate that the government did not sufficiently appreciate the character of these men, and often violated the engagements under which they had entered the militia and volunteer service, by draughting them into the line and sending them to foreign stations. It was with reference to this custom, that the late Sir Ewen Cameron, head of the Camerons, broke one day in upon the Duke of York with the stormy defiance: "You may tell your father to send us to [here he mentioned a very terrible place] if he likes—and we'll gang ta—but he daurna drafht us!"—a defiance not altogether without some serious meaning, when we remember that Ewen's uncle was one of a few who, not many years before, had shook the British throne. With all the fine sentiment which existed between the officers and men, it could not nevertheless be, but that sometimes most unmilitary-like proceedings would take place in the Highland corps; and one of these it is now our purpose to relate.

Old Campbell of G——, in Argyllshire, had sent so many sons as captains into the army, each attended by a company of his clansmen, that his territory had become almost depopulated. Under these circumstances, when his youngest son came from college, he thought of devoting him to some peaceful profession; but just at this juncture the American war broke out; a fresh call was made upon the Highlands, and the laird, making a desperate effort, was able to raise

one other company, which he sent with the young man to take its place in a fencible corps posted in a town upon the borders of the low country.

The raising and constitution of this company, which gave so much joy to the old heart of the father, hurried a corresponding mass of confusion on the young head of the son. The latter discovered, when rather late, that even at home, in those stirring times, there was something more intricate in the study of the art of war than the pleasant dream of love and idleness, which he had fancied to form the "end all" and the "end all" of a military life. The mysteries of fortification and tactics were hard indeed in the initiation. But these were trivial to the perplexities arising from the Highland habits of his men. Being naturally looked upon as responsible for their conduct, some of the notions on which they acted proved equally prejudicial to his peace and patience. Amongst other things, their contempt for strict discipline was only paralleled by their dislike to strict attendance. They seemed to have entered the service on the single understanding of obtaining "leave of absence" whenever they pleased; and "leave of absence" they would have. Shamus o' ta' muckle mouth, for instance, had suddenly got notice that divers of his wedders had gone a wool-gathering for themselves, "and, to be shurely, how could he stay?" Evan Mohr had "ta pit up to sheillin' for his nainself's wife, and her wife's bairns, and it was onpossible she could bhide!" After this fashion, the young laird soon found it a moral impossibility to get more than a tithe of his Highlanders to render his majesty simultaneous service. Ere long, therefore, he was fain to issue, through his favourite sergeant, positive injunctions against even the making of applications for furlough, except on great emergencies. The men, then, we believe, resorted to the simple expedient termed "French leave."

Another source of the young chief's distractions, but one which he conveniently devolved on his subordinates, arose from the difficulty of distinguishing amongst the Campbells those whose Christian names chanced to correspond. Without some device, the predominant patronymic "Hugh," which amongst the men themselves (who could have specified to the splinter of a hairsbreadth the relationship of each to the other) was no source of inconvenience, would have led, in the muster-roll, to uttermost confusion. Every day, therefore, as the drill-sergeant arrived at the many Hugh Campbells, of all shapes and dimensions, arranged on parade, he simply supplied an affix or prefix, with the tacit assent of the parties concerned. The most obvious epithets came first, such as "Muckle Hugh Cammel" and "Little Hugh Cammel," "Red Hugh Cammel," "Black Hugh Cammel," and "Brown Hugh Cammel," and so on through every hue in creation, until the wit of man could name no more; and then the indefatigable sergeant would sink his sonorous voice as he entered on the more common-place sobriquets of "Hugh Cammell," "summer wan," "Hugh Cammell, summer twa," till the end of the chapter. These refinements were utterly lost on the captain, who deemed the precious distinctions to be distinctions without a difference. Some people were malicious enough, however, to attribute his perplexities, his obtuseness, and a certain air of apathy in his demeanour, to an innocent young lady dwelling near the barracks.

In consequence of the interdict laid on the demands for furlough, a keen competition arose amongst the men for the favour of their superiors. They hoped that by standing well there, they might possibly have the order occasionally relaxed in their behalf, or at least have their irregularities more lightly considered. Amongst those who adopted this policy, none was more zealous in practising it than the individual who has been specified as *Little Hugh Campbell*. The light active figure of this man had drawn, on more than one occasion, an encomium from the lips of the captain, whose mind was probably resting on a subject for softer praise. The rule against applying for furlough was not only suspended in favour of this person, known to the captain, in his indifference to the distinctions of the muster-roll, simply as Hugh Campbell; but he was to have his reasonable desires in that respect as soon as asked.

Little Hugh Campbell was not long master of the knowledge of this favour, when he availed himself of it. Inspired by the conviction of its being the proud reward of merit, he was returning one evening, in eager haste to be once more at his post, from a hay-cutting, the scene whereof lay in the immediate vicinity of quarters. Unhappy man that he was!—whom should he encounter but his lawful superior the captain, in full regiments, with a dashing young lady hanging on either arm! The captain had just been vaunting of the distinguished appearance of his corps, especially of that section of it that owed fealty to his lofty house. Now, Little Hugh was in all respects, at this moment, the *beau ideal* of a tatterdemalion. He was habited in a worn-out philabeg, whose longitudinal dimensions alone rendered it unfit for its office; an old military coat, which looked only the more miserable from the gaity of its original colour; and he was, moreover, most admirably besmeared with the accumulated traces of many a hot day's haymaking, during which his person had never tasted of ablution. However much Little Hugh might dread to face his captain in this atrocious plight, there was nothing for it but to offer the passing salute. It was not returned! The circumstance was one so un-

usual to Little Hugh, that it frightened him into a forgetfulness of his condition; and reflecting only on the possibility of the captain's conceiving him to have passed without the customary ceremony, he judged it expedient to overtake him without delay; which done, he made no scruple of rendering assurance doubly sure, by tapping his superior's shoulder. The captain turned abruptly at the intrusion, and Hugh, upon the instant, bent his wretched body before him. The captain had not been unmindful of his previous obeisance in passing, with which he could, under the circumstances, have gladly dispensed. His conviction now was that the fellow before him, whom he fully recognised, intended a deliberate insult. He raised his foot in vengeance for a kick; but of this movement Little Hugh knew nothing. His duty (as he conceived it to be) discharged, he had turned quickly away, impressed with the reasonable belief that enough of him at that season might be quite as good as a feast.

"Bless me, Captain Campbell!" exclaimed the ladies in a breath, "surely that was not one of your men!" It was enough to drive the young hero mad. Disposing, therefore, of the fair ones as fast as etiquette would permit, and burning with indignation, he sought the barracks. Instantly on reaching his apartments, he commanded the attendance of Sergeant Campbell. With accustomed promptitude, that athletic dignitary of the drill presented his muscular self before his officer.

"Sergeant!" began the captain in a rage, "Hugh Campbell was out of barracks to day!"

"To be surely," assented the sergeant—for many of the name had, to his certain knowledge, been strolling off duty; and, aware that the individual identity of the precise person indicated would not be so easily settled with the captain, he took refuge in this general acquiescence.

"Then," responded the captain with vehemence, "send him to the guard-house immediately!"

To hear was to obey with the sergeant, when he knew how. In this instance he had avoided Scylla, and fallen on Charybdis. He had avowed his knowledge of a fact of which he was ignorant, and now he was called upon to act on his avowal.

"Please yer honour"—stammered the sergeant; but he stopped short, with a clear notion of being fairly detected, as his eye caught the look of mingled astonishment and anger turned on him by Captain Campbell.

"Well, sir!" growled the captain.

"An it please you, your worship," inquired the sergeant deprecatingly, "which of them?"

"Which of them?" echoed the captain in a pet; and then, summoning the entire force of his lungs, he vociferated, "Idiot! did I not tell you—Hugh Campbell!"

"But, please your honour," persisted the sergeant, taking up the wrong end of the muster-roll first, on a very shrewd surmise of the truth, "was it Hugh Cammel, *summer twa*," till the end of the chapter. These refinements were utterly lost on the captain, who deemed the precious distinctions to be distinctions without a difference. Some people were malicious enough, however, to attribute his perplexities, his obtuseness, and a certain air of apathy in his demeanour, to an innocent young lady dwelling near the barracks.

"Stop!—stop there!" cried the captain, rising and pacing the apartment to soothe his ire, as the full collection of his dally bowing acquaintance rushed back on him with the cognomen "black"!—"stop there!—that's the very man! The black-hole, I think, will just suit the black rascal!"

The sergeant wondered; but it was none of his business; he had played long enough with the lightning already. So, accompanied by a file of the guard, he entered the barrack dormitory, for it was now late, with what dispatch he could; and, sword in hand, he thundered forth the name of "Black Hugh Cammel." A second summons was necessary ere he was answered by the brief acknowledgment, "She's here," vented in tones betokening both chagrin and surprise.

"Black Hugh Campbell," said the sergeant peremptorily, "you're ordhered to the gaard-hous!"

"Faat ta teevil for wad she du wi' me at ta gaard-hous at sic a time o' night!" remonstrated Hugh.

"Black Hugh Cammel," reiterated the sergeant, with mounting dignity, "you are ordhered to the gaard-hous; and you must shust go to the black-hole, because you are ordhered!"

Remonstrance being fruitless, Black Hugh was lugged unwillingly away, and, half awake, and scarcely half dressed, was instantly immured in the adjoining hermitage, familiarly known as the black-hole. It was not without abundance of Highland ejaculations, expressive of rage, that the honest fellow submitted to his unmerited fate.

Days passed gloomily away, and Black Hugh Campbell appeared not amidst his comrades. No charge of any kind had been preferred against him; but such was the awe with which the simple mountaineers regarded the commands of the son of their chief, that scarce a murmur arose in which the prisoner's name was whispered. In fact, the captain, resolved upon punishment, but disinclined, for reasons of his own, to prefer a regular charge, had made up his mind that the matter should rest where it was during his good will and pleasure; and there it probably would have rested while the captain's pique endured, had not an accident disclosed the situation of the prisoner.

An officious gentleman from the mess-room, having taken a fancy to visit the guard unseasonably, and purely for the pleasure of making the men turn out to salute him, caught them napping, as he expected. As certain dolorous sounds, however, were emanating from the prison hard by, curiosity induced him, before beginning to exercise his authority, to listen to the voice of lamentation. This, as the reader may well conjecture, was the disconsolate wail of his friend, *Black Hugh Campbell*, who was mournfully haranguing the walls of his dungeon. As the officer listened, he thus proceeded with his soliloquy :—

"Hoogh ! ta teevil of this can pe born ; tare was ta first week tat ta captain pegon to ca' her mickle Hugh Cammel, she was shust hawld awa tu ta ospital ! An' syne another week, be't reason be't name, an' he ca'at her Hugh Cammel *summer man*, an' sent her tu ta awkward squad ! An' syne she's ordhered oot on gaard, wi' a' her baggage, for Hugh Cammel *summer tra : an'*"

"Who's there ?" inquired the officer.

"Tare !" cried the Celt, starting to his feet with surprise, and using the privilege of his country by answering one question with another ; "Ay, to be surely, wha's *tare* ?"

"I say, who's *tare* ?" repeated the officer.

"An' wha'd po speirin' ?" rejoined Hugh.

"I ask you, sir—where are you ?" insisted the officer.

"Her nainself—*Plach Hugh Cammel*," answered the prisoner subduedly, distinguishing the tones of authority.

The officer knew the speaker very well. "Why, Hugh, my lad," said he, "you used to be a well-behaved soldier. How came you here ?"

"She couldna shust say ; ye see, she wasna shust tell."

"Told !" exclaimed the interrogator ; "not told ! You surely know what you have been about ?"

"Hoot," cried the soldier, "fa'at end her nainself peen aapoot—teevil a thing ; they shust clappit her here for shust naething !"

"But—you had committed some offence. You had forgot yourself in some way or other. How long have you been here ?"

"Maybe twa days, maybe three ; unless she could tell, she cudna shust say ; there's nae day free nicht here."

"This is very strange," said the officer. "I must inquire into it." At his back, aroused by the alteration, stood the guard as stiff as a row of lamp-posts. He did not stay to rebuke them, for *Black Hugh Campbell*, although he subsequently became the narrator of this story, was, it may be stated, a general favourite. The officer, forthwith, sought the retreat of Sergeant Campbell, and roused that functionary from his blest repose.

"Sergeant ! you've got a man in the guard-house."

"Shurely—to be shurely," said the sergeant dryly.

"Black Hugh Campbell," said the officer.

"Yes, and shurely," said the sergeant.

"Now, I should like to know the charge on which he is confined," observed the officer.

"Charge !" ejaculated the sergeant with Highland sarcasm ; "by ordhers of Captain Campbell."

"Very well," replied the major (for such was the officer's rank), catching fire at the insolence of Captain Campbell's *factotum*, the sergeant ; "Captain Campbell certainly arrests his men upon public grounds. Show me to the captain ; this affair appears mysterious."

Marshalled by the sturdy sergeant, and arrived in presence of Captain Campbell, the major began by apologising for the untimely nature of his visit, and ended by detailing the circumstances that had occasioned it.

The captain perceived that the hour for concealment of the offence for which he intended Campbell should suffer, was over. He therefore recited, not without ceremony, the insulting part played towards him by the supposed offender. But, as often happens, his anger evaporated, with a consciousness of the irregularities into which he had fallen in seeking his revenge. And he added, with a smile, which the major accepted as a signal to relieve himself of an immoderate fit of hitherto suppressed laughter, that he believed *Black Hugh Campbell* had already suffered sufficient punishment, and might be liberated without delay.

Our dark Celt thus regained his liberty ; and here our tale might have come to a close, for, with the equanimity of a Turk, Hugh would have been satisfied with any confinement, directed by the sovereign authority of his captain. Neither would the major have said more upon the point, much as he respected the rights of a good soldier, and *Black Hugh* was certainly a promising one. But there was another concerned in the business, whose brains just entertained the conception that his commander had been insulted egregiously by *Black Hugh Campbell*. This was the worthy sergeant. The tornado of native abuse and incoherent threats with which *Black Hugh* was consequently assailed by his liberator, would certainly have ended in "trial by battle," had he not eloquently demonstrated to the sergeant "tat it cudna pe her !"

The result, however, provided Captain Campbell with a morning salutation from *Black Hugh*, as, in spite of every opposition on the part of the captain's servant, he made good his way into his private quarters. The captain entertained enough of alarm, on ascertaining who was the intruder, to have his pistols

at hand as *Black Hugh* entered the room. But what was the surprise of the former, when, in place of the dirty little varlet who had done him such foul disgrace, the fine figure of *Black Hugh Campbell* met his "tat it cudna pe her," although much breath was spent on the subject by his visiter.

Sergeant Campbell was again in requisition ; but as he was proceeding to recount the distinguishing characteristics of those rejoicing in the common name of Hugh Campbell, the captain became doubtful of his ability to appreciate the sergeant's descriptions any more. Many of the parties were put to the question, and still the general point established was "tat it cudna pe her." The sergeant was ultimately saddled with the responsibility of detecting the real Simon impure. But as the nature of the offence by no means thoroughly transpired, whilst *Little Hugh*, with a profundity of native cunning, kept his own secret, suspicion settled down on no individual, although it alighted on many. It was known, however, that the captain had been insulted—the Highland blood was roused—impeachments were showered around like gages at a tilt. In short, within the lapse of half an hour, the whole fraternity of the Campbells were engaged in a general *mélée*, in the barrack-yard, with dirk, claymore, and bayonet. To quell the fray, the regiment was beat to arms ; the combatants were disarmed ; and, in the sequel, never did that or any other guard-house contain an equal number of the name of Hugh Campbell. It was observed, that, from that day forth, the captain was infinitely better acquainted with the muster-roll. If, however, his studies ever suggested to him the real style and title of the author of the imaginary insult, to use the emphatic language of *Black Hugh Campbell*, he kept it "under her thumb."

#### DR BUCKLAND ON AGRICULTURE IN CONNEXION WITH GEOLOGY.

At a social meeting of the Nithdale Agricultural Society at Thornhill, Dumfriesshire, on the 15th of September last, Dr Buckland, who was present as a guest, being then on his way to the meeting of the British Association at Glasgow, gratified the company by a brief exposition of some points in which Geology gives light to Agriculture. We find the following abstract of his remarks in the *Dunfermline Herald* :—"The stomach of the animal was a laboratory, by which hay, grass, and corn, were converted into roast beef ; but how were animals in their turn, and other substances of the earth, to be changed into corn, grass, and hay, that necessary panoply, without which all the successive generations of animals would be lean and die ? Here the geologist and the agriculturist met. The two great points for the improver to secure were, *first*, dry land ; and, *secondly*, the necessary compound of the four or five elementary substances which enter into the composition of every good soil. From chemical and mineralogical analysis, it had been found that, in alluvial land, confessedly the most fertile of all, the main component parts were *lime*, *silex*, *iron*, and *manganese*, with some *manganese* ; and therefore, of course, it became the chief feature of all improvement of the land, to secure the proper proportions of these ingredients, so as to produce as nearly as possible a result the same as alluvial soil, in which they were found in most efficient combination. *Silex* entered into the composition of every thing, though it was deficient in the stony countries. There was more of it in oats than in any other grain. The oat-fed Scotchman had, therefore, more flint in his body than the natives of any other country ; and hence, no doubt, the great superiority of the Scotch regiments. (Much laughter). *Manganese* was comparatively a rare ingredient, but there was not a man in that room with hair on his head who had not *manganese* in him. But no matter where, and in what proportion, these substances were found, nature had given us the limestone to make up or correct almost every other ingredient of soil. The learned professor then minutely pointed out the *rationale* of the use of lime. In Lincolnshire, an agriculturist, in improving a peat bog, had induced every property of soil upon it, but without adding lime. The first season of crop there was plenty of straw and husks upon it, but no *corn*. He was admonished of the deficiency ; added lime, and next year had the finest oats in the country. This was quite parallel with the enterprising experiments of his own friend, Sir Charles Menteath, who had converted a useless peat bog into a meadow worth £4 an acre."

#### THE SIGHING-ROOMS AT THE COLONIAL OFFICE.

There are some rooms in the Colonial Office, with old and meagre furniture, book-cases crammed with colonial gazettes and newspapers, tables covered with baize, and some old and crazy chairs scattered about, in which those who have personal applications to make are doomed to wait until the interview can be obtained. Here, if perchance you should some day be forced to tarry, you will find strange, anxious-looking beings, who pace to and fro in impatience, or sit dejected at the table, unable in the agitation of their thoughts to find any occupation to while away their hours, and starting every time that the door opens, in hope that the messenger is come to announce that their turn is arrived. These are men with colonial grievances. The very messengers know them, their business, and its hopelessness, and eye them with pity as they bid them wait their long and habitual period of attendance. No experienced eye can mistake the faces, once expressive of health, and confidence, and energy, now worn by hopes deferred, and the listlessness of prolonged dependence. One is a recalled governor, boiling over with a sense of mortified pride and frustrated policy ; another, a judge, recalled for daring to resist the compact of his colony ; another, a merchant, whose property has been destroyed by some job or over-

sight ; another, the organ of the remonstrances of some colonial parliament ; another, a widow struggling for some pension, on which her hopes of existence hang ; and perhaps another is a man whose project is under consideration. Every one of these has passed hours in that dull but anxious attendance, and known every nook and corner of this scene of his suffering. The grievance originated probably long years ago, and, bandied about between colony and home, by letter or by interview, has dragged on its existence thus far. One comes to have an interview with the Chief Secretary ; one, who has tried Chief and Under-Secretaries in their turn, is now doomed to waste his remonstrances on some clerk. One has been waiting days to have his first interview ; another, weeks to have his answer to his memorial ; another, months in expectation of the result of a reference to the colony ; and some reckon the period of their suffering by years. Some are silent ; some utter aloud their hopes or fears, and pour out their tale to their fellow-sufferers ; some endeavour to conciliate by their meekness ; some give vent to their rage, when, after hours of attendance, the messenger summons in their stead some sleek contented-looking visiter, who has sent up his name only the moment before, but whose importance as a member of Parliament, or of some powerful interest or society, obtains him an instant interview. And if by chance you should see one of them at last receive the long-desired summons, you will be struck at the nervous reluctance with which he avails himself of the permission. After a short conference, you will generally see him return with disappointment stamped on his brow, and, quitting the office, wend his lonely way home to despair, or perhaps to return to his colony and rebel. These chambers of woe are called the *Sighing-Rooms* ; and those who recoil from the sight of human suffering should shun the ill-omened precincts.—*From a late pamphlet.*

[The above may be a true picture, yet it might have been fair to add that men in office are dreadfully annoyed with calls upon their time, by persons who have either no proper claim upon them, or who wish to have crotchetts patronised. If the head functionaries in government offices were to receive readily all who choose to seek an interview with them, their whole time would be occupied, and the proper business of the country neglected. The bulk of people whom one meets have no idea of the value of time, and are most heedless in intruding their visits on persons who are fully occupied.]

#### THE TWIN SISTERS.

Stand both before me ; for, when one is gone,  
I scarce can tell which is the absent one :  
To stray asunder ye should aye be loath,  
So much alike ye are—so lovely both !

Together ye are peerless, but apart  
Each may be match'd by each ; to rule the heart  
Keep, gentle cherubs, a conjoined sway ;  
Our love's divided when there's one away !

Oh ! wherefore both so lovely ? wherefore cam  
Such beauty separate and yet the same ?  
Was it too great for one alone to bear,  
That each comes laden with an equal share ?

It may be, Nature, anxious to excel,  
Moulded one lovely face and loved it well,  
Then, hopeless to achieve a higher aim,  
Bought but to form one more, in all the same !

Or haply 'twas in kindness to the one,  
That Nature would not trust her forth alone,  
Lest she should mar her looks with vanity  
To think none other was so fair as she !

If you but hold a mirror up to each,  
Twill name its sister in its lisping speech ;  
And still, while equal loveliness is theirs,  
May one see only what the other shares !

Beauty that only looks upon itself  
Becomes unlovely ; yet, thou little elf,  
Not e'en thy sister should be praised by thee,  
Lest the harsh world pronounce it vanity !

Talk not to others of her silken hair,  
Lest they should say, "Thou know'st thine own as fair !"  
Nor praise the lustre of her light blue eye,  
Lest thy own glance win back the flattery !

Ah me ! I wonder if alike ya'll prove,  
When ripen'd into votaries of love ?  
Then will sad lovers, puzzled which to choose,  
Find solace in the thought, "Can both refuse ?"

Then will the promise which the one has named  
Be haply often from the other claim'd,  
And the fond wish of secret whisperer,  
Be met with—"Oh, it was my sister, sir!"

Go, go your ways, and in your little breasts  
Still bear the innocence your joy attests !  
Go, wander forth 'neath childhood's sunny sky,  
And gather flowers whose fragrance will not die !

—*From the Scotsman.*

J. H.

#### MANAGEMENT OF PIGS.

The following experiment has been made by a gentleman of Norfolk. Six pigs of nearly equal weight were put to keeping at the same time, and treated the same as to food and litter for seven weeks. Three of them were left to shift for themselves as to *cleanliness* ; the other three were kept as clean as possible by a man employed for the purpose with a curry-comb and brush. The last consumed in seven weeks fewer peas by five bushels than the other three, yet weighed more when killed by two stone and four pounds upon the average. —*Wade's British History.*

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